

EMBARRASSMENT

THE BEST FRIEND

There is a rather strict unwritten law that a girl doesn't mess with her best friend's lover. A corollary to that law seems to be that a guy has to do everything that he can to bed the best friend. How can these contradictory laws exist simultaneously. Pity the poor best friend! She appears to have target written all over her. Comes the embarrassment!. I don't want to give in to such temptations. And I have felt that pull over and over again. The guys put on their sweet faces, but they are the devils incarnate ready to make their fatal move.

The guy will always come off like roses in what transpires. He hopes that the consequent events will only make his lover more pliant. She will forgive him. And he will have had the time of his life. Count me out!

Down deep the intent of the man is obvious. He has to get to the lover so that you can work his way closer to the best friend. This is his plan all along. I am much more confident and infinitely more appealing than my friend. And he doesn't have a chance with me!

SHAME

I feel no shame!

Last summer I was house sitting for a friend of a friend. It was a sweetheart deal. I was made in the shade. This place had a pool. It was stocked with food.

So one day, I'm sitting on the patio and I notice that there's this guy in the house on the hills watching me. He's not only watching me, but he has a telephoto lens pointed right at me and he's taking pictures. What a piece of shit! I decide to play along just to mess him up. I start to diddle myself. I can feel the shutter flashing. But that doesn't stop me. It is so hilarious. Still, it's sick. He takes it as some kind of excuse. As if I like him or something.

A couple of days later, I see these photos in the mailbox. It's as if he's inviting me out. This is ridiculous. And it gives me the creeps. I decide that I have to go into overdrive if I'm going to really get back at him. If only he had a wife.

I make blow ups of the pictures. And I superimpose his image on the pictures with a telephoto lens. Underneath I write, "Are you happy?" I send the picture all over his office.

The next time that I'm out by the pool, I look up to see if he's around. He isn't. I almost feel like going skinny dipping to tempt fate.

What does it take to get someone's attention? I know what it's all about. But I'm not an exhibitionist. There are times in my day when I just want to get away from it all. I'm not trying to be sexy. I'm not trying to be mysterious. I just need to be alone. Some guys think if they pry into that side of my self that they have some kind of edge. Save it, brother.

I wish that it was that easy. That I could just lie out there naked and some dream guy would swim up and take me away to paradise. But I can spot a snake as it slithers along in the water. And I'm the first one to jump when I need to.

He's up there watching me with the telephoto. The more that he gets excited, the more I

am getting excited. He imagine that I am wet underneath my bikini bottom. I wish that I could oblige him.

I am all too familiar with the routine. The more excited that he gets, the more he thinks that I want to hear about his mischief. He's just coming out of his skull thinking about it. Sex isn't this mystic thing. It's his private hell, and I don't want to share it.

He thinks he's doing me a service. As if he's an artist sculpting me with his eyes. But I am super-sensitive, and I know how he's trying to probe me. That's a little too much for me. Just keep your art private.

Desire is not a portal to the outside world. It's the lock that seals you away from the outside world. He thinks that I am revealing myself to him. It couldn't be further from the truth. I am doing my own thing. And he as nothing at all to do with my world. Case closed.

It's one thing to admire. But when you start snapping the camera, you're really pushing it. I'm not interested in his life. I haven't sent him any signals. So why is he bothering me? He should feel embarrassed that I have caught him in the act.

Imagine for a moment that I had invited that sort of behavior. Where would that line of reasoning end? I have my rights.

Maybe I'll sunbathe naked today!

PERFORMANCE

What do you want to do? Do you want to watch me. I'm going to change my clothes. And as I do, you can imagine that you are rubbing my smooth skin. I can feel how you are tugged by that moist desire.

I am here to perform for you. How does that feel when I tell you that? Do you want me to be more revealing? You are my audience. I feel no embarrassment.

Tell me that you are touching yourself as you watch me undress. Are you aroused? Are you ready to satisfy me? You probably think that I am teasing you? This is for real.

You want to watch. How is it affecting me? I can imagine you inside me. You like that. You're not shy, are you. I want you to take off your clothes for me.

What does my tight ass make you think about? It get your mouth watering. You want to run your hands up my legs. No one is watching. You have to go for it.

IT! The wonder over all. That is what you want!

Do you feel a little self-conscious just thinking about it? You know you want it so badly. Try as you may, you can't get any closer to me. You may not have what it takes. You are a little inadequate. It's not a physical thing. More of state of mind. But you can't get over that feeling that I'm a little much for you. Out of your league. How are you going to keep performing for me. I have pretty big expectations.

I wouldn't mind doing it for a crowd. That's what I do anyway. Do you have that same commitment? What would happen to your magnificence if you realized all eyes were on you? Would it seem less formidable? You could use a little more prep time to really get you in the mood. Just play it all the way.

I've noticed that same thing in other guys. They just don't have that needed commitment. I can do anything that I can to help. I really mean it. That is what I am all about. I am a

facilitator. However, down deep, I realize that there is only so much that I can do to contribute to your success. You have to meet me half-way. Maybe, a little more than half-way. And there you are lost somewhere in the middle. All eyes are on you. I know that gives you the creeps, but everyone is watching you. You're not a failure. You're not inadequate. But do you really have what it takes.

I've reminded you that this is a psychological thing. I think that has only made you more hesitant. I don't want to bring you down. You want to be one of the big boys. And I was ready to have you measure up. But when it comes down to it, you just don't make the cut. I'm really not trying to embarrass you. I took the risk. I exposed myself to you in the hope that you might be able to show the world everything that you had. But you are pathetic. I want to care. I want to help you out. You just have nothing to give. I mean nothing. We're not going to be able to stretch that out. No tall tale will make you look better. We can't even use trick photography.

If we could pretend that might save you real embarrassment. For what it's worth. I'd just be as quick as I could so you could get out before the worst sets in. Smile!

Your body is trying to smile for you. Performance is an issue. Don't let your frustration take over. Then you'll get mad. A little too aggressive. We don't want you doing something terrible to yourself. Come on over here. I can do what I can to make you feel better. We might be able to salvage something. Oops! You couldn't even contain yourself. Don't fret it!

We should have take this slower. Maybe kept in private. But I'm a public person. I can't really hide what I do. And you wanted to be a part of my sport. You lose!

THE MEANING OF EMBARRASSMENT

Embarrassment is nakedness without confidence. As my rival stares at me, she takes away everything that makes me what I am. As if I do not have enough assets to maintain the attention of her man. Do I want to submit to her scrutiny. Not at all. But it is easily accomplished on her part. She appears unannounced. She opens the bedroom door. And there I am in all my finery ready to do battle against her eyes.

Her jealousy can only work in my favor. What can she possibly say to herself? That this girl isn't woman enough to take her man. I already have. There I am for her to see. A marvel. A goddess. At least her lover thought as much of me last night. And in the morning light, those characteristics hardly fade. It only offers more tribute to my dominance over her. Does she want a piece of the action? Does she want to play along with my little game.

I have taken the words right out of her mouth. There she is with her mouth gaping wide open. A hornet could fly in there in her condition. Her eyes are all big. She is speechless. It is as if her Lord has rendered her mute for her sins of omission. If you don't take care of him, I will. Are you worried that he might like my body more. That he might rub his hand along the clearly-defined muscles of my abdomen until he reaches the portal of desire. Doesn't my body say as much? Can you even hope as much for yourself. That the sight of these curves would paralyze him with sheer excitement. I can make his mouth water, sugar. Are you even as sweet? Maybe you can rescue yourself with your longing kisses. That is all that they are worth. The longing. Your longing. And if you have had any doubts, they are being confirmed for you here and now.

I fear embarrassment to my reputation. I have been a little reckless in my private life. But I have done my utmost to keep the private separate from the public. Things have become a little blurred. It is forbidden to express true hunger in polite company. And there are times that I really do feel the need to yield to good manners. It helps to motivate the hunger even more.

She is alone. Maybe she has just had a nasty break up. Or men in general have disappointed her. She hugs the bar. Time for some serious drinking. And the bartender encourages her with tequila shots. She'd like to pretend that a good man could help her swear off this downslide. But the way is slippery, and she is heading down quickly.

We all need that summit to convince us that there's a little paradise out there for all of us. And a good stiff one is enough sometimes for that reminder. I just exercise caution. I know what greets her on the other side.

I can't imagine being a victim of my own liberty. But I see it all the time. A little bit of fun leads into a trap, a burden. A lot of women that I know start drinking heavily after a breakup. And it becomes a pattern until they start going with a guy again.

"Will you come rescue me?"

You take a drink or two to get free. Then you can't help but get trashed just to deal with the world. This is the worst part as vulnerability sets in. You're ready to go home with any guy who whistles at you. Not me.

Embarrassment is trying to explain how you ended up in the morning in some guy's bed, and he has all the charm of a garden snail.

"Do you want some coffee?"

"What's the smell in this place?"

That's when you gather your clothes and try to gracefully run out the door. There is nothing to be proud about this kind of thing. If you're going to put yourself out, it has to be a matter of intricate planning. That is why I am good at what I do. I know how to get quickly in and out. I can spot the obstacles a mile away. I've written the book on good planning.

DESIRE

You look over at me. You think that you can see the glow that gives me my vitality. I smile to feed that belief. I can't let your doubts affect me. That would be the source of hesitation on my part. My confidence might appear to be the antidote to my own embarrassment.

Under pressure, I know friends that reach for that trusty cigarette. And the nicotine jolt might be a welcome influence. For the time being she holds herself together. The smoke tells her that she is again living on her time. But as the smoke permeates her hair and clothes, it only accelerates the influences of time. It shows in her face. And once she quits smoking, it only makes her want to eat more. Exercise has always been a chore, and it really feels no easier. The post-nicotine blues are a time of listlessness.

I recognize how desire is the mask of confidence. It allows me to ignore my imperfections. I let my body become a slave to the forces of darkness. I can't help myself. I don't worry about it. There is an inspiration in the wrestling of the sweaty bodies. It is anonymous as I surrender to a deeper identity. Without names and without language, I admit to a more primeval communication.

REPUTATION

This happened about five years ago. I was floundering a little in my social life. All these girls who knew each other from college asked me along to a little get together. I'm excited to be included among the group. It's a crazy party. Everyone is getting pretty ripped. There seems to be no limits to the fun. None of it makes sense. I realize something really weird is going on here when I figure out there are exactly five girls and five guys here. After a while, everyone starts pairing off like something that they did when they were together in their sorority.

There seems little discretion. I look over and see one of the girl's has lost her top. There's a guy sucking on her breasts. Things get more intense. I can tell where all this is leading.

Some guy, who hasn't said a word to me all night, looks at me with the strangest gleam. He then takes my hand and twirls me around like we are dancing together. He smiles as he thinks that he is pretty good at this. I'm younger than most of these kids. And a little naive. I am not impressed with the overall vibe.

He keeps playing some game with our hands. I let him go along with his mischief. But it shows no signs of abating. He seems encouraged by the fact that the room is now empty. Everyone has gone on to the next stage. And there are clothes strewn everywhere.

He props me up by the couch and pulls on my skirt until all my legs are revealed. He feels pretty clever when he starts pulling at my panties. I giggle and then stare at him. He eventually fingers me. I can't help myself. I am getting turned on royally. I don't say a thing as he slides off my panties. He goes to town. He buries his face in my muff, and his tongue just wiggles around inside me. I start to sigh. Then I just let out some wild cries. It encourages him. I just fade into oblivion.

I lie on the edge of the couch. He gets undressed. This enormous erect cock is staring at me. Meanwhile, I am on my feet and have retrieved my panties. I am putting them on.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm cutting out of here. I don't know you. I'm not going to let you flop around inside me."

"Fair is fair. I gave to you; you have to give back to me."

"I have to do nothing of the kind."

He is stopped in his tracks. He grabs at my arm and I push on past him. None of this is for me.

"Aren't you going to get me back?"

"Do you want me to slap you on the ass or something."

I quickly understood the game with these girls. They'd all been doing coke all night. They would have fucked anyone of their pedigree. A little pick me up in the morning, and it would eventually feel as if none of this really happened.

I quickly learned the value of maintaining a reputation. I wondered how these young people could be so upstanding but just let loose for this complete absurdity. In some ways, they don't even care. They don't have to worry about this sort of thing. They all have their morals. That's part of the forgetting.

As I got older and drifted away from these girls, I realize that they couldn't survive a second without serious flattery. They'd buzz around the city waiting for a slew of guys to make passes at them all. And they'd reject everyone until mysteriously, too drunk, to stand up, they'd go home with any guy who winked at them. So much for choosy girls!

PERSONALITY

The worst part about sex is the accompanying belief. I know so many girls who believe that they are giving their souls to some guy. The wider that they open their pussies, the more that they are taken by this delusion. A night of really free love, and she is convinced that paradise has come her way. Marriage is the only course for her to sanctify such abandonment of her principles. She looks at his prowess and imagines that it is the totem for some new faith. And she is the first convert. I know the equation all too well.

The philosophy is hard-wired in our biology. And it takes some real tinkering to reverse the engineering. For a long while, I wondered if it was indeed possible. The breakthrough came when I understood that the supposed pleasures in which I indulged were only a pale reflection of the idyll that awaited me once I gave myself completely to hedonist's lifestyle. And the distractions along the way were immense. How would I ever overcome such inculcation? Even these ideal lovers to whom I was drawn revealed their limits the more that I committed myself to my own delights. Any form of attachment only made me more vulnerable to their forced lessons and constraining disciplines. I could not surrender to their beauty. I needed to push on!

After a while, the dominant view of personality dissipated and gave way to a more dynamic nature. For most, there was always this tension between what you show and what you hide. Love-making enabled them to peel back these hidden layers of the self. More than that I noticed what hides from what you hide. This was the ultimate realization, once that I needed to make by way of the flesh.

SATISFACTION

It's gone so well. And then you wake up to the nightmare of the night before. Where is the door? I do everything that I can to avoid this moment. Sometimes I make short work of him. Get the business done quickly.

"Don't you want to stay the night?"

"I never thought of this as love."

Why not feed off the tenderness of the moment? It can help brace me against the cruelty of the cold night. But I really have no choice.

"I can't find my shoes."

"Do you want me to turn the light on?"

"Heavens no!"

Am I the monster in this scenario? Hardly. If I lasted another second in there, I would have to do something to hurt the bastard. He got everything that he wanted and more.

If unplanned, there can be something positively hideous once desire has worn off. As the cold body next to me tries to touch me, I do everything that I can to slither away. Once the ardor

has faded, every defect seems glaring. I need to run.

I wish that there was another way. I could pretend that some deeper feeling holds us in concert. For what it was, it was all temporary. If I waited for the morning sun, it would be even more grotesque. I need to shut my eyes in my own bed before the beds start chirping. Then I have done a good night's work.

It's important not to move too fast. I need to savor the prolonging of desire. There is this gradual unfolding that is critical to the pleasure. I move my leg up so that I can spread my legs wider. He gets more aroused and is able to communicate his increased excitement. There is something of an equation to it all. It insures that there are no obstacles to the satisfaction.

There are no guarantees. Satisfaction has a mind of its own. But there is a science to it all. It's partially an imposition. I know what I want. And I am able to project that on the whole experience.

If my goals are so personal, wouldn't it be better to pursue the route of solitary pleasure? I love the thrill of the contest. As much as I can map things out, there is always the surprise of the sport. It's like trying to tickle yourself. It can't be done. There are levels of pain and pleasure that require a partner. When I am by myself, I can only plateau at this extreme. With him, I can push beyond that plateau. There are such gradations to what I feel. The slightest adjustments changes offer me the option to go so much farther.

That is why some people need drugs and alcohol. There are the numbing sensations. But there is also the letting go of all inhibitions. A completely free flow. I embrace it.

As I contemplate another kill, my cold-blooded instinct inspires me to reconnoiter the place. I can see what I need, but I need to negotiate my escape. I move in for the capture. I make him think that he is doing all the work. If he says too much, I take it as a sign that he really isn't all that good. I move on quickly.

If he knows the right words, I realize that I am in the right place. We quickly get out of here. There is a lot of work to get done.

When I am home in my own bed, I congratulate myself for work well done. There is no embarrassment on my part. I don't have to make excuse for anything that happened. It couldn't have gone any better.

POSSESSIVENESS

I've gone over it time and time again. So many guys assume that a good fuck means more than it does. They try to book a return engagement. I assure them that all my time is taken up. It's dangerous to slip my phone number to one of these guys. One night is one night, and that is all.

I understand how the possessiveness sets in. He has gone over every inch of my body. His caresses have confirmed his initial valuation. He doesn't want to let a property this valuable escape him while it is still in its prime. Our venture has only added to my worth. He does everything that he can to hold on.

Girls can be worse. Especially if their careers are capsizing, they look for a man to shore up their drowning hopes. It ain't going to happen. But the more that she needs it, the more she clings. And she sees her body as that sort of temple. As you approach the holy of holies, you

have made a pledge that commits you to the faith. Each kiss is a progression that is supported by scripture. She reveals her breasts with the expectation that you will call her for dinner. Little is said between you, but you finger her, and already she believes that you are the one. You will marry your fortunes together.

She won't sleep with you until she is convinced of a deep commitment. You say nothing, but you can sense her body becoming more supple under your caresses. You realize that this is something that she has been waiting for.

She has never felt this liberated. She welcomes the moment. She has made plans around plan around this surrender. Her kisses are more prolonged. She savors the closeness between you.

Your bodies melt together. You are lulled in her wonderland. Her charms seem to go on forever. She only becomes more daring. The first time that she goes down on you, she believes that you have attained an eternity. She is willing to do whatever you desire. When you oblige her, she feels that your eternities are intertwined. There is nary a separation between body and soul.

She becomes a devotee of your regime. She is hypnotized by your technique. She is a adherent of a new religion. She memorizes your body. Every aspect is a key to a deeper level of dedication. She learns the accompanying mediation that confirms her spiritual journey.

Once she has gone this far, she can't turn back. She is fuck crazy. You proceed together in a sustained passion. The physical contact is draining. But it reinforces the union. She craves the intensity. Her body is coming alive. But it is all centered on the sex, the stimulation. She does everything that she can to reach that high. You stretch and expand the skin. She is spread thin.

She is on fire. The two of you move together with such aggression. You position her body so that you can pump away with no hindrance. She is all the more intense. Nothing holds you bad. Her legs extend further. It makes you harder. You move deeper inside. You are welded together forever.

After the sex, there is no escape. The two of you lie together and soak up the lovely warmth. Passion has overcome you.

Her excitement is only a beginning. She needs to reach that same extreme time and time again. She thinks about nothing else. She pulls your tightly towards her. You are already hard. All your sexual doubts have dissipated. You become overwhelmed by her promise. You are carried along in the current.

When you are alone, you wonder if any of this is real. But when you are with her, she won't let you think of anything else. You feel that your identity is becoming absorbed by the interaction

You slide deeper into the morass. You believe her devotion. Your body has that spiritual power. You welcome the magic. What next?

She only touches you, and she is on the verge of orgasm. You have both transformed by the contact. You believe that there is more to follow.

When the pleasure becomes too much, you feel that you will only be destroyed by your time together. You feel the need to break it off. For her there can be no separation. Your spirits are already married together.

You can hardly blame her for her belief. You have been taken in just as much as her. But you use the development to your advantage. You are not blaming her. But you cannot continue this way.

“I need to be alone for now.”

“Are you seeing someone else?”

OBSESSION

When the pleasure become so intense for its own sake, it only encourages the soul to wander. It is so easy to be taken in by the appeals of another. It happens to me all the time. The obsession is based primarily in the passion. Without such extremes, it is useless to explore the sensual. You need to unlock the powers that are there. Only they have the ability to take us over. It is good to welcome that extreme. But it has its down side.

Once the personality becomes entwined with desire, we only face potential for disaster. The heart is not infinitely malleable. It didn't take me long to realize the problem. Guys weren't always so obliging. I learned long ago the necessity to disengage myself before things became too heavy. So be it.

I am always looking for the exit sign. That helps encourage the intensity of the passion. Guys can be the opposite. They assume that their extremes of passion correspond to some feeling on my part. He'll beat off in the corner while thinking about me and believe that he has touched the soul. How pathetic. Leave me alone.

You can't look a stranger in the eye. He will think that you're interested in him. A glance or a smile will convince him that it's OK to make his approach. You're having a quiet drink by yourself. Or you're sitting with friends. And he intrudes. There's been no preparation. And he gives you this pathetic spiel. You want to close your ears.

I've gone home with many a guy who seemed to radiate that magic. I admit to my inexperience. Even if you don't give him your number, he tracks you down. He has built this wondrous scenario about you. You just can't give in to the belief. He is at home running the movie in his head. You are in every scene. Get out of here! It gets worse.

He sends you flowers. He writes you poetry. He tries to affect you deeply. Young girls fall for it. Get out your dick, and make it happen.

His curiosity has come to dominate your every moment. There is no getting away. Flowers give way to more expensive gifts. Each acceptance is a deal. It only makes a girl more subservient. How can she separate herself?

“I don't want you calling me anymore.”

“We're friends.”

“It's was good for the both of us. But you need to stop it now. I don't feel the same way that you did.”

“You did at first!”

“Things have changed. I just need some time by myself. You came on too strongly.”

His attention doesn't stop. He believes that he can convince. Just soften her up. She agrees to meet him. It only encourages what he is feeling.

“We have to break it off completely. You can't call me. You can't write me. Don't send

me flowers.”

“We can give it time.”

“A lot of time.”

“Are you going to see someone else?”

“That is my business.”

She has forgotten about sex. But she could use someone else to distract her from his obsessiveness. Someone who knows how to joke, how to have fun.

It is hopeless. He is beyond help.

POLITICS

Power helps us to get what we need. It helps us to align the world of the spirit with the material world. It helps us accord our minds and our bodies. We realize our desires. We can acquire those things and people who are necessary for our pleasure. That may sound a little too scientific, but it is the reality. Without power, we are helpless to achieve any of our plans. It is critical to make these realities attainable. Power is our only means.

A damage to our reputation only makes us more vulnerable to our desires. We sink beneath the raging waters. We cannot detach ourselves from the world of the spirit. We float as disembodied souls.

We are pulled by these opposing forces. Power allows us finally to satisfy our desires. But our satisfaction only make us want more. It puts us in compromising situations. You can't have power if you don't use it. It is absurd to frustrate our desires. But the more that you attain satisfaction, the greater the need for a more intense pleasure. It causes us to take chances. We seek to acquire the unattainable. Our private selves are exposed for all to see. Our embarrassment is the source of public scandal.

It would seem politic to restrain the self with attainment of new wealth. But that only piques the soul. The temptations become more provocative. I am easily seduced by such opportunities.

I have a career. I want to protect my gains. But I have to take some solace in my achievements. What next? I want more. I want to show off.

The risks for embarrassment are immense. I do everything that I can to practice some restraint. But it is not always easy. I am not completely open to seduction. But I am a material girl. And I do feel the sway of the tides. I seek some kind of discipline to guide me through the ups and downs of this crazy lifestyle. And if I falter, I chalk it up to experience. Overindulgence can become a problem. Pile on the dessert. I'll work it off in the gym or in the bedroom. I have an active libido.

I think that there's this give and take between embarrassment and success. A little vulnerability is good. So you do something that might be offensive to some. You enjoy yourself. But when it's all over, you have to admit your faults. The bad publicity isn't going to just blow over. You have to appear contrite.

I'm not sure how to deal with the whole mess. If I'm going to break down and ask for forgiveness, I really hope that I've had some kind of fun in the whole ordeal. It's not going to be enough to get a little wet. I want to water to permeate my swimsuit through and through. I'm

going to dunk my head and have my hair dripping. There is no middle ground here.

The prospects of embarrassment only seem to egg me on. So I push it to the edge. I obliterate the limit. I'm an exhibitionist. Imagine what you will. You can engage in your private fantasy at my expense. You'll want me more. The price will go up. But you'll be so out of the game that you won't be able to do a thing. I'll be laughing to the bank. No scandal is going to slow down this girl.

ENOUGH

We've all got our limits. The art is to know where the boundary is. Gradually extend it. And then give it that final nudge. It's explosive.

Many people figure what goes on in the bedroom stays in the bedroom. But it shows. All the balance and restraint marks the face. It pulls the skin taut over the bone. You've got to loosen up. Not too much, but enough so that you don't get drowned in your own frustration.

He cups his hand.

"You know what this is. It's your heart."

I know what he is really thinking. If he said it to me, he thinks that he would embarrass me.

"You can hope as much as you want, but you're never going to touch it."

"What are you talking about?"

"It takes two hands to really hold it."

"What?"

"You want it all."

He thinks that he can hold my soul in his hand. Just enough. As he slides himself inside, I am so much more than he can ever contain. Just too much.

"You can pump away, but you'll always feel a little short for the tast."

"Come again."

I remember the guy from the party.

"Let me beat off, and then I'll come on your breasts."

"I've got to go, honey."

"I gave you pleasure."

"I know. And that's really all that I want. I'm not into your silly shit."

"Come on over here, baby. You want to suck on it."

I didn't even want it inside me. He was disgusting even if he knew all my friends.

I never felt embarrassed about the incident. I just never put myself in a situation like that again. That was the beginning and end of that sort of thing. I am not fodder for a guy's fantasies. Even if he tries, he'll realize that he just doesn't have enough.

"No girl ever said that to me before."

"Maybe your mom should have been the first."

Let it go like that, and he'll have a big head the rest of his life. How embarrassing!